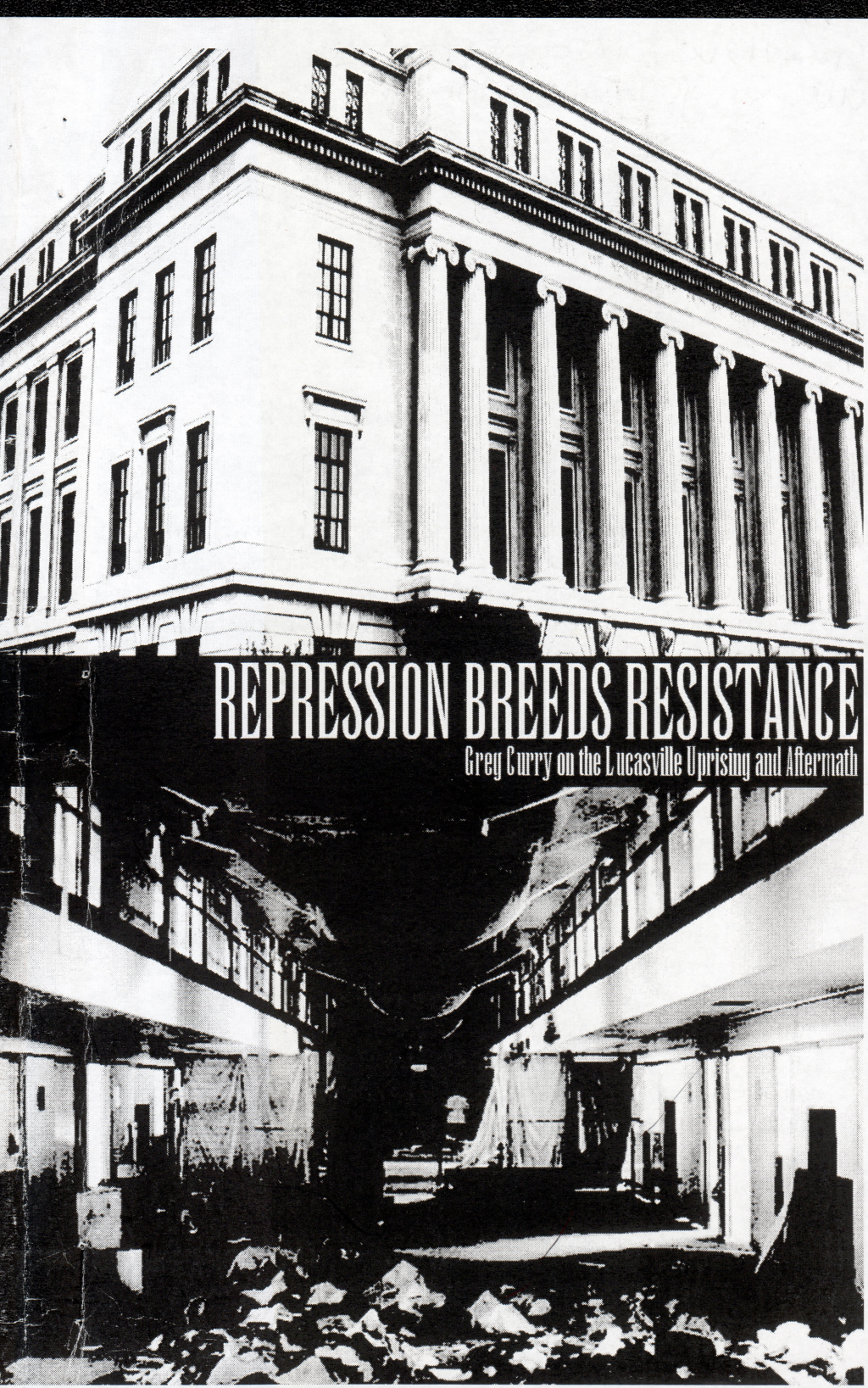


REPRESSION BREEDS RESISTANCE

Grey Curry on the Lucasville Uprising and Aftermath

IG:- Haveyouseengregcurry
www.GregCurryDefense.bigcartel.com

GregCurry.org - LucasvilleAmnesty.org

WRITE TO GREG:

Greg Curry

648 OSP 213-159

~~878~~ Coitsville-Hubbard Rd

Youngstown, Ohio

Many prison activists and sociologists have written about prison life. Some even attempt to capture the impact mentally and physically on prisoners. Some do a great job telling you about the struggle to survive oppressive conditions or how (mostly) young urban males are sent to rural areas having unequal treatment doled out from white male overseers that only serve to promote racial tensions between white and black prisoners - but for the skin tone - convicted of the same offenses.

Study after study points to the uncomfortable truth that regardless of economic status or any equivalent station in life, black folk disproportionately represent the "worst off". No doubt this holds true in the forgotten world of prison.

Here is one prisoner's story about fighting back - more pointedly surviving - while coming to consciousness. This battle over small petty things that are, in oppressed folks' lives large and significant, from food to eat, reading material and commissary privileges to air to breathe!!

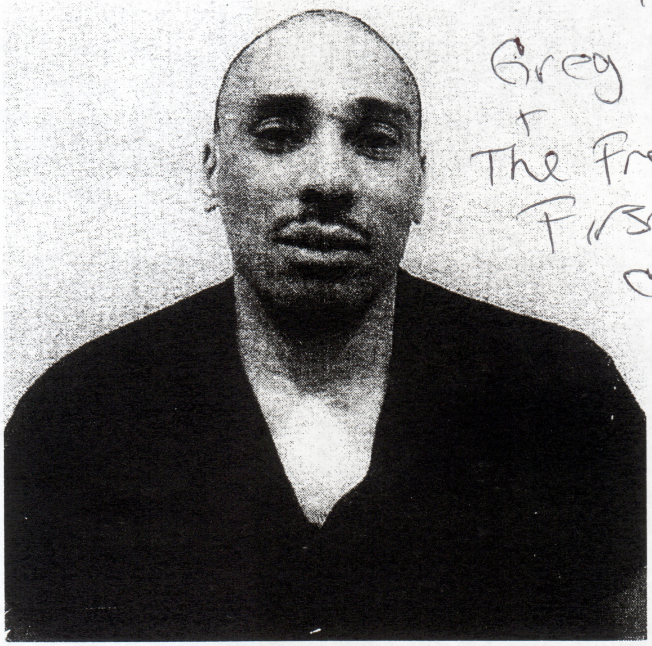
Even if you're opposed to certain methods of resistance you must be able to understand better after reading this zine that repression breeds resistance.

Cover images-

TOP- Scioto County Courthouse, where Greg's trials were held.

BOTTOM- one range at Lucasville after the uprising. Greg's protests in Grafton, Lebanon, and SOCF's AC Unit likely produced similar disasters.

NO Gods
NO Borders
Greg Curry
+
The Freedom
First
crew



REPRESSION BREEDS RESISTANCE

My name is Greg Curry. I was serving time at The Southern Ohio Correctional Facility (SOCF) in Lucasville, Ohio's maximum security prison, on April 11th, 1993 when a major disturbance on L-side began. Many will recall Waco, Texas during that time. The state's response to that disturbance in 1993 unfairly targeted a group with similar characteristics, ie poor, Black, prior convictions, inner city males, with provable merits too lengthy to register here.

I'm writing to encourage you to lend your heart and mind to the true account of how lies and corruption led to the conviction of innocent men during the 1993 Lucasville Uprising. These men were singled out and used as scapegoats. They would

not lie or take part in The Department of Rehabilitation and Corrections (ODRC)'s broader scheme. I am one of these men. I've been on supermax status since the riot and faced with relentless oppression and retaliation at the hand of some oppressive prison guards and leaderless administrative supervision all while being held against my will.

National guard on the perimeter.

April 11th, 1993

I was 29 years old. My interests were going home, sports, hustling and exercising, nothing more or less: no gangs, groups or religious affiliation. I had nothing to prove to my peers, so I had no serious disciplinary issues. Up until the day of the uprising, I had not been involved in any serious trouble—no violence, no extortion, no gang affiliation, no contraband.

My job was a Recreation Aide. Between 1 and 2 pm April 11, 1993, I was sent to the recreation yard and locked out of L-side.

[the side occupied by rebellious prisoners during the uprising] by my supervisor who later testified to that at my trial. I remained in the yard, close to K-side [the non-riot side] on that cold April evening, trying to get food, blankets, sweats, etc. Late that night all inmates were rounded up off the yard by heavily armed police, stripped naked, photographed, cuffed, then led up a hallway on K-side, placed in cells meant for one man with ten other naked men. I wondered if the police would just kill us.

Surrendering prisoners in the SOCF gymnasium.

Days later, I was transferred to Lebanon prison. After a couple inquiries by the state police, I was let out in semi-population to rebuild my program as it were. I then got another visit from the state police investigators telling me that I might get the death penalty for killing many people[1]. I was shocked by

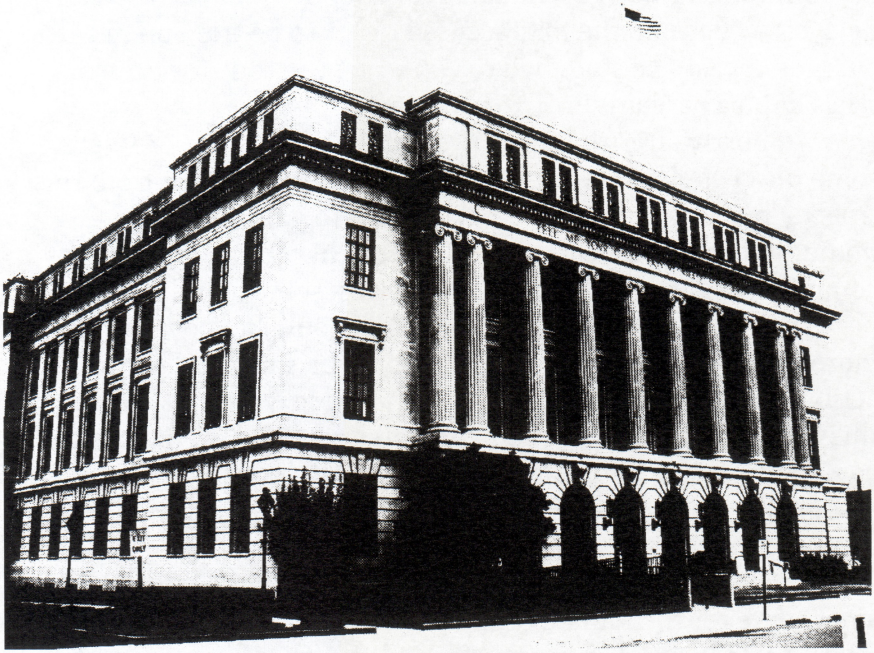
1 Ed. Note: five perceived snitches were killed inside L-side in the early hours of the uprising. The state maintains that they were killed by a spontaneously organized "death squad."

the claim because I was never inside L-side to commit any crime nor to witness and blame anyone. I had never before even seen most of the guys who were charged, so I couldn't tell them anything if I had wanted to.

The investigators didn't arrest me, charge me with anything or transfer me to lockdown, so I was totally surprised when, many months later they indicted me for two aggravated murders. Some guys in Kieth LaMar's block, where these murders took place, had apparently blamed him and his friends- all in face mask by the way. So that started a process of finding "LaMar's friends," and once I was interviewed by the investigators, I was told, "you or LaMar going to death row." I told them I didn't know anything and I have no reason to blame LaMar for anything either. Some guys had previous problems with LaMar and evidence suggested that they would be charged for murders (Lou Jones, Ant Walker, Donald Cassell), so they needed to "perform" to get paroles or avoid getting charges themselves.

Once "LaMar's friends" were named, the investigators started giving these to their inmate conspirators ("snitches") and those inmates repeated the lies. To clarify the commonly used term "snitching" I prefer the term "inmate conspirators." They helped get us indicted, which in America is an easy task. Then the heavy burden of being poor, Black, male, and a convicted felon on trial in a culturally opposite rural community makes you truly vulnerable to conviction. I was given an opportunity to "save myself" by testifying, but I didn't do anything or know anything

worthy of needing to be saved from. How ironic that not knowing, not being involved, would put me at greater risk than had I committed a crime.



Scioto county courthouse.

Rural Justice

My appointed counsel, Joseph Dixon walked in talking about a "deal." I was not interested in a "deal." I was innocent. I requested motions and a strong defense. Attorney Dixon was removed for Tracey Hoover, a "neighborhood boy" born, bred and primarily practicing law in Portsmouth, Ohio, where my trial was held. Hoover felt he could charm the jury, if I refused the "deal." I

demanded that he prepare for trial because I was innocent.

With no idea of the political climate or the emotional climate of the southern Ohio area, I went to trial, armed only with my innocence. I wasn't scheduled for trial first but I refused any delays, so I became the first accused rioter to be tried on murder charges. A case the state had to win to set the tone for future trials *or* plea bargains.

Shortly after the conclusion of the uprising, there were some unscrupulous inmates ready and willing to profit from this tragedy by lying on others. They did this to gain paroles, immunity from prosecution, or reduced charges for crimes they committed. Some had personal vendettas, some merely wanted to have their security level lowered so they could be moved to a more pleasant institution. No one should be surprised by their actions, for there is an old saying that "there is no honor amongst thieves." In fact, you have some inmates who will even lie on the own mothers if it would assist them in getting out of prison or making them less culpable for crimes they voluntarily committed.

The state police and the prosecutors encouraged, created a narrative for the inmate conspirators that wrapped up all "loose ends" and allowed different juries in different courts to convict different people for the exact same crime, so that four to five people individually are convicted for each murder. Those snitches were then given parole or no charges.

In Lou Jones' case, he was in prison for murder and claimed to be an active member of the "death squad" yet after testifying, he wasn't charged. In fact, he received an early release on his original murder conviction as a direct result of his testimony for the prosecution.

Simply put, there was no shame in the games they played. Not only did you have this despicable class of inmates, there were others who were merely weak and did as directed and instructed by the prosecutors. When you put most anyone up against

anyone else, most people will save themselves, lying is only a minor detail. One inmate after another was put on the stand to "act out" on the prepared / pre-paid lies that took two to four interviews with the prosecutor to manufacture. Although some admitted felony behaviors during the riot, they got deals from the prosecutors and investigators.

In Ohio, deals are law, as long as they are disclosed so jurors can weigh them against all evidence. At my trial, both the prosecutors, the judge and all the lying inmates claimed no deals were made. The same prosecutors after my conviction admitted on direct appeal that yes, they gave Lou Jones a deal. Without being too technical, I'd like to refer to a case, Beckett v Haviland US App 6th cir. ruled on in 2003. This case law rules, and is a continuation of court rulings back to the 1970s. Briefly the case says, when the state's star witness is given a deal to testify, and that deal isn't disclosed, the only remedy- and I quote "The **only remedy** is a new trial." Compare that case law to my trial transcript, paying close attention to the state's star witness Lou Jones' testimony and how members of my jury were concerned about deals possibly being given out as an incentive to lie[2].

Let me be really clear. The state swore during my trail to the judge and jury no deals were given to anyone. The prosecutors, knowing the "no deals" testimony was false, allowed it to be heard, even swearing themselves that no deals were made, so that the coveted conviction was attained. The official record shows the same two prosecutors on direct appeal **admitting yes, they had given deals**[3].

Additionally, midway through my trial an inmate gave me a plea agreement made by Fred Frakes. Frakes had plead guilty to one of the murders I was accused of and on trial for! However, it was too late for me to call him as a witness. In all, there were over 300 inmates who gave statements accusing others, but my

2 See appendix for excerpts of Greg's trial transcripts.

3 Also in the appendix.

attorney was never made aware of those statements.

I was found guilty of one aggravated murder and guilty on the other of attempted aggravated murder. They wanted to sentence me to death, like they later did Keith LaMar through a similarly unjust trial process, but the jury decided to give me life without the possibility of parole instead. All those who testified against me received deals ranging from paroles, to lower security, to choice cellmates. After my conviction, the state public defenders in Columbus had me send all my legal work in for possible post-conviction assistance. They held onto it until my filing time was eight days from expiration. Then they finally returned it, saying "good luck."

Human rights, social justice, God's children!

Do you hear me?

So far, the state has been successful in covering up this grave injustice, hiding behind "procedural" walls to deny me justice. The courts claim it's too late to seek justice! If you or someone you loved were a victim of a tragic ordeal, you would hope and pray that people listen and hear your cry, but the courts seem to be merely a reflection of a society that doesn't want to know. It has been over twenty years and, unless people become aware and demand mainstream media look into what happened, and the media, pastors and civil rights leaders ask questions of these lawyers, then it will be twenty years more before there is justice. James Canepa and Daniel Hogan violated my and other mens' rights. They admit to it openly, but have suffered no consequences. They have been rewarded for their service to the racist state who's priority since the uprising has been to conceal the horrors that led to the uprising, and destroy those of us who won't go along with their plans.

Those of us seeking your help and support hope that we provide more than an emotional plea for you to operate with, for if emotion alone will bring justice, then every crying eye would be justly rewarded, isn't that right? All our documents are official,

from the state, and in some cases, our issue is that the courts know the exculpatory documents will bring into question the riot convictions and the deals given to the inmate conspirators, so they refuse to release them.

Curious to me is why is it those of us convicted are more confident in the totality of the evidence than the judicial system? They have far more money, power, and other resources, yet cower and hide from the evidence. Those of us convicted have consistently asked that all evidence should be examined. If the system requires our life, whether life is by a state-scheduled death or death as it comes to an isolated substandard existence—including how our absence from parents, children, and wives, from births and deaths, have affected their lives, the least the system can do is prove its claims. I hope you agree.

Leave Me at Peace, or Beat Me at War

Some skeptics have said to me, "well, you have caught other cases since the riot." I have not tried to conceal this information from anyone, especially not to those that have always had my back and believe in my efforts aimed at justice, but I will concede that I've also never attempted to explain my role to those that matter the most, **you**.

In 1993, SOCF was the highest security level in the state, where violence was the primary language spoken by prisoners and prison guards alike, but before 1993, inside the prison I had not been charged with any violent behavior. Since 1993, I've been charged with plenty. What changed? What draws such a response from a peaceful person? I ask all of you.

Leading up to my trial, at the time the prosecutors and their witnesses were scheming and conniving, I was transferred from one administrative control (AC) unit to another for 24 hour a day isolation, and harassment. I filed verbal and formal complaints about this unfair treatment that at times would have

been deemed criminal had I not been a ward of the entity that decides what is worthy of criminal inquiry.

Lebanon Correctional Institution... "Klan Central"

Shortly after the disturbance at Lucasville, I was sent to one of the lower security prisons, which housed inmates from SOCF due to its over-crowdedness. The prison was called Lebanon, but was also known as "Klan Central." Word of pending indictments made its way through the prison grapevine and 'state actors' began targeting certain people for information, it seems to me that the green light to harass was given.

For one example, I was stabbed at Lebanon from behind. A cop was right on top of it by the time I squared off with the prisoner, no punches, no tussle, nothing else happened before this cop called for help and cuffed us. However, I was sent to the captain's office to be disciplined while the guy that stabbed me was sent to the infirmary! Hours later, laying in my isolation cell

it dawned on me that those moments spent in the captain's office could have cost me my life. I promised myself then that I'd no longer leave my life in the hands of people that don't know / care / like me. My life is for me to protect. That includes physically, spiritually, mentally. I decided that day that in any confrontation I'd aim to win. Leave me in peace or beat me at war.

The prisoner who stabbed me was released back to population while I was returned to Lucasville prison, the highest security level in Ohio at that time. I often wondered, why was I being transferred and the guy who stabbed me was being released back to Lebanon general population? That's when I began to hear rumors about my alleged involvement in the murders during the uprising. Since I had no involvement in it, nor knew anything about it, the rumors meant very little to me.

Once transferred back to SOCF and placed on lockdown status, I received indictments for two counts of aggravated murder. I was placed in isolation with the other accused rioters, where all day everyone was on edge waiting on the proverbial "other shoe to fall." The other shoe could be an indictment or one of us prisoners deciding to lie on someone, either to escape this solitary confinement condition, or because of some personality clash, or to improve chances at a parole board or court hearing. However you apply logic to this madness it was torture for all; walking on egg shells, hoping one oppressed inmate wouldn't help the system take another oppressed person's life.

The bright spot of this moment in time was a handful of solid guys on my range; we worked out together and read books by / from / for revolutionary mentality. My life was being saved even as forces were hard at work intent on ending my life. This area of the prison was 24/7 isolation designated for 'rioters' but as we were indicted for riot crimes, we were transferred into the Administrative Control (AC) that generally housed the most 'unruly' Ohio prisoners.

The conditions of solitary confinement were being

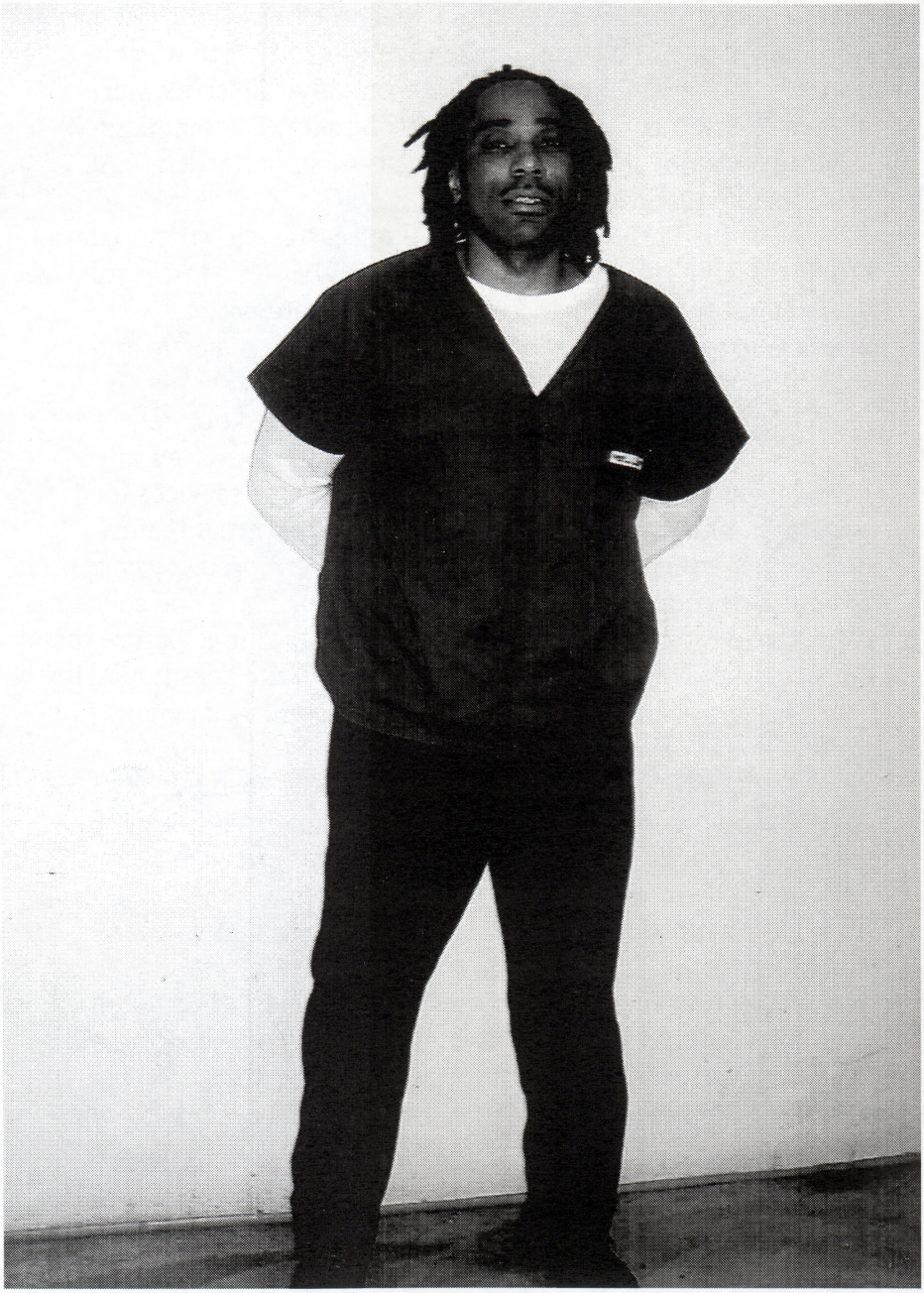
contested in this area of the prison and since this impacted my day-to-day life, I made myself familiar with the rules and policies and joined into the fray. Of course, the cops at Lucasville already had some bad feelings for anyone suspected of riot-related charges or anyone in general willing to take part in organized protest. I fit both descriptions.

On the first anniversary of the uprising, a troublemaker guard named Officer Scott refused to feed me and boldly shouted in my face: "You know what today is!" There was nothing I could do, however, other prisoners commenced making a lot of noise to get a supervisor into our area. After the investigator arrived, Officer Scott basically told him to get lost. In an effort to assist me in getting fed, the other prisoners began throwing their food at Officer Scott.

Later, Officer Scott was returning from the memorial service for Vallandingham, the slain cop from the uprising. He saw me coming in from recreation in full restraints; handcuffs behind my back and shackles on my legs. He asked one question: "who are you?" I said, "you know who I am." He sucker-punched me, then stomped me into the ground. Though he was neither fired nor disciplined for this cowardly attack, he was subsequently fired for telling a racist joke over the prison intercom system. Meanwhile, other "rioters" and I were transferred out of SOCF for fear of more incidents like mine as well as other vicious attacks on alleged "rioters."

I was transferred out to AC at a prison called Grafton that had never had AC nor dealt with high security prisoners. It is my opinion Grafton had no idea what long term isolation really was. They seemed ignorant of policy relevant to the amount of property and privileges we should be allowed to have while in administrative control.

Four of us prisoners, two Muslims, one Aryan, and me (no affiliation) were each given one jumpsuit, no underclothes, and



every twenty minutes cops would peek in at us, often while we were naked due to having to take the jumpsuit off to wash it, take a shower, or sleep. The cells were kept really cold so we were always stressed out over this, we weren't allowed commissary, reading material or any of the basic privileges afforded to AC prisoners statewide.

We filed grievances and tried to reason with the prison officials, citing relevant policy, but to no avail. As a last resort, we staged a protest that included destroying state property. The four of us came to the conclusion we would tear the place up and not stop til we received our just due.

On the last day of such action, we covered our cell windows so no cops could see inside. We did not answer any verbal prompting, thus the prison shut down all services for general population to assemble their security threat teams. Before long, the AC area was full of heavily armored cops opposed by four determined prisoners. The clash took place one cell at a time, one prisoner had to be subdued and restrained before the cops could move to the next cell, at each cell the cops hoped the other prisoners would surrender but we had forged a bond and united.

When the powers that be saw we were serious, they conceded and granted us extra jumpsuits, underclothes, library privileges—the same property and privileges afforded to all AC prisoners. However, that kind of unity had to be broken up so all of us were sent to AC at Lebanon prison where many other Aryan and Muslim riot-related prisoners were housed.

The unit manager had me brought to his office to tell me that no privileges would be given to anyone from the riot, and "the stuff you guys did at Grafton will not be tolerated at Lebanon." He said protests of any kind would be met with maximum force should we try it and no amount of explaining would alter his stance. When I was returned to my cell, I explained to the other prisoners what was just told to me, and we

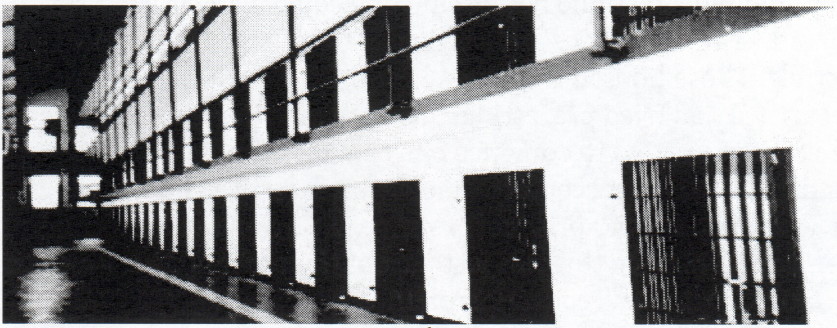
unanimously decided to stage a protest to demand our rights.

Lebanon authorities had room to do more harassing than they could in Lucasville because no one could claim it was "riot related." The conditions and privileges for this AC block were terrible. Those housed there in AC for two years or more prior to my arrival had tried protesting, but were met with police abuses. The four of us tried to convince our convict friends that these conditions were unacceptable and we must be prepared to fight for what all other AC prisoners receive. We again filed informal complains knowing this was just part of the process that, if needs be, would include direct action methods.

The prisoners housed in AC before the four of us got there were showing signs of accepting the oppressive conditions as normal, or too much to overcome, which is typical of oppressed peoples everywhere. The four of us, fresh off victory on a battlefield, were convinced we would prevail. Shortly thereafter we decided to flood the block. The authorities were so convinced that the prisoners were conditioned to "behave" so the flood caught the administration off guard and was a huge success. Water made its way into other blocks causing delays in the normal routine everywhere. The next morning the administration of course came right to my cell making threats and taking what little property I had.

I was seen as the leader of the protest, so from that moment on, any officer could deny me any service - food, rec, shower, etc. and I had no redress. That unchecked power in the hands of cops used to being powerless was too stimulating, too intoxicating not to abuse. Their actions were fueled by racism and all sorts of personal shortcomings common in poor communities worldwide. In short order I was denied meals, mail service, etc., etc. and since only cops could handle mail and meals, that meant I didn't eat or get my mail off the block. I couldn't alert my family or lawyers or central office... I began slapping bad cops, knowing they would have to bring a supervisor

into the area so I could (possibly) eat. To hell with the penalty for the assault (if that's **your** concern).



A tier at Lebanon CI.

Warrior Spirit

This method of seeking my "just due" landed me in a cell called a sweat box. It's a no property, paper gown cell inside a prison built in the early 1900s. A couple cells with all steel walls, no ventilation, **none**. The prison policy stated that "under no circumstances are the double doors to be closed if the temperature exceeds a certain level." However, that policy was not followed. When the sun heated up those steel walls from noon-7pm a piece of you died!

It was designed with that intent. Call it leftover mentality from the slave era for dealing with uppity slaves who dared challenge their condition. During this particular summer many days were 85 degrees outside, with temperatures reaching 25-30 degrees higher once the sun heated the steel walls. The toilet was steel also and because of the maintenance on the old building, or by design, when you took a crap flushing the toilet caused boiling hot water to splash up and burn your backside. This toilet was made just half an inch from the bed. The cops controlled the light, so it was always pitch black after sundown. There were lots of roaches everywhere along with a mouse family (at least four). I wouldn't dare step on the floor in the dark so I would roll over on the bed to pee in the toilet from there.

This special cell was located around a semi corner from the other cells in the AC block and at the end of the range. No one would see anything nor very easily assist me (if they so desired). It's from this convenient cover that cops were able to deny me many meals, mail and anything else they felt like doing. I was continually left in the sweat box, with doors closed to die of suffocation or starvation, but I refused to die and not fight back.

I found small ways to resist or draw attention to my condition. At some point all shifts were refusing to even come near my cell. At the same time, my comrades appeared to be "separating" themselves from me as the administration provided them with the privileges we'd fought for (yes, victory!).

I was now fully isolated and at war for survival (food, air, sanity, health). The Aryan leader in the block decided his guys would skip meals and use their "resources" to smuggle me their food once a day (when they could). I'm sure none of these Aryans want this on their resume, however, I am forever thankful for their service and sacrifice, not just because of the food but to use their resources getting it to me.

All the tit-for-tat went on for months escalating in tension. One cop, one shift, passing the baton to the next. I realized that some stuff I had to let go. Some stuff was a trap to draw a response and I knew I needed to control my actions until the battlefield odds were in my favor. Different cops were assigned this AC block, but the agenda remained, "repress till death that warrior spirit."

One day, a newly assigned cop named Kendrick took me to recI told him, "hey man, I've never seen you before so don't you start taking stuff from me for no reason." Kendrick replied, "yea, yea, whatever motherfucker, go on and write me up!" I said, "Naw man, I'm not writing you up, but if you take anything else I'm going to mess you up. Then you will be in court, pointing me out."

Needless to say Kendrick continued harassing me, denying services etc. I chose a time in my favor right after he refused to

feed me lunch, by now I was out of the sweatbox and back in a regular cell. Kendrick crumbled to the floor outside my cell, screaming. He had been stabbed twice. A bunch of other cops came to the aid of their fallen officer. One cop supervisor, in his best cowboy drawl said to me: "boy what you stab my officer for?!" I had no desire to explain, deny, admit or commit to any verbal exchange over this incident or the incidents of the **months** leading up to this one.

Of course, I was off to the sweatbox again. For the next 60-90 days I was in that cell. When Officer Kendrick returned from sick leave, he was sent to work that block, to bring me food! I could not believe it, how could this be? I wrote complaints all the way to DRC (central control) and basically was told "don't mess with him, follow the rules, and everything would be ok." The problem however wasn't me not following the rules. It was the cops trying to silence my desire to be treated like a human being doing AC time, like prisoners all over Ohio. I came to the conclusion that something wasn't right and I'd have to be very careful with everything I do. When I ate, when I allowed myself to be cuffed up, when I slept, every move had to be calculated.

I managed to get my hands on some things that by now had been approved for AC prisoners accept for me, namely a radio and coffee. Officer Kendrick knew I wasn't allowed these items and went in my cell to confiscate them. Policy called for him to return the items to my property but this cop, as witnessed by other prisoners, gave my stuff away to one of his "pet" inmates. I let Kendrick know I expected my property to be in my property vault. When I had a chance to view my property, the items were missing. By now the same pattern of denied meals and harassment was in full effect and I was on alert for both offensive and defensive opportunities. One morning a new officer broke all protocol in handling me. Long story short, my door was opened before the mandatory second officer could take position. Me and the new cop's nightstick made our way up the range to Officer

Kendrick who was sharing photos with his pet inmate when the rage of repression happened upon him, leaving his collarbone broke.

Many of the responding officers openly questioned, "Why ain't this coon's head busted? When we start letting them get away with this?" I realize those of you reading this have no idea the level of intensity in that room at that moment. I'd venture to say Emmett Till knew it before the crowd lynched him for whistling at a white woman, but he never had a chance to tell his story. I bet once John Brown was captured, he knew the intensity of a venomous people poisonous to all of humanity.

I don't know what restrained these cops from harming me, my theory is that I was from the riot, beaten by a cop after the riot and it was clear something was going on in A.C. with me and the cops, which I did my best to let outside forces know. Shortly after the riot, the State of Ohio in a "21 point agreement" guaranteed the convicted rioters safety from harassment by cops. So, I think the administration must have said "enough already."

Unbeknownst to me during this same general period my co-defendant Kieth Lamar was going through similar hell at Mansfield Correctional[4]. The cops there had no restraint, and beat the riot-convicted guys very badly. I was later indicted for all this, but you have to be alive to face charges so I fought to live.

Another Trial, Another Injustice

They literally had to drag me to outside court on several assault and felonious assault charges, and a robbery charge, for taking the nightstick from the first guard. The proceedings leading up to my trial were a sham. For example, some of my jurors were prison workers, including a former major at Lebanon

4 See Chapter 5: Death Row I: Walking Through Hell of Condemned by Keith LaMar. for an account of resistance and brutal repression at Mansfield Correctional.

prison. My attorney only visited me once in preparation for trial and never filed any of the motions I requested. In fact, he didn't even have a defense strategy. His intentions were to sell me out and throw me to the wolves.

While preparing myself for trial I read about self-defense claims, one law that was new to Ohio was called "Battered Woman's Syndrome" which basically says when a woman is so mentally and / or physically abused that her only option to be safe is violence, that its justified. I told my court-appointed lawyer in our one meeting to prepare for trial that this was the defense I wanted to pursue. I then gave this attorney a list of things about the repressive conditions in that block and the treatment I had endured to qualify me under this statute of law.

The attorney never filed nor followed up on anything I filed myself. Once my jury was seated, the judge tried to ram a regular "rural justice" trial down my throat, like they do to most Black urban males who're already in prison. I began to openly question the lawyer and Judge about a hearing on my "Affirmative Defense." This was getting no where. I realized the fix was in, the public defender was sabotaging the case. How dare I come into their community, not enjoy being oppressed, and then seek a fair trial? Silly me. I decided to dismiss my attorney, but the judge said its too late, so I knocked the attorney out in court. Of course this got him dismissed, as well as the whole jury panel, including that guy who had worked at Lebanon.

By now Ohio State Penitentiary (OSP) the state-of-the-art super-max prison in Youngstown was open, so I was returned here to await a new court date. The information that I had assaulted an attorney made it back to this prison before I did. I quickly learned that I'd be getting more "special treatment" at OSP.

At trial, the resolve of the court and the prison grew stronger against me for daring to fight for my rights and justice. After a few months of pretending to seek competent counsel for

me, the court assigned what I call a "Used Car Salesman": a public defender who is always talking fast and saying nothing. Like his predecessor, this "public pretender" only visited me once. He put no effort into my affirmative defense either.

Once I arrived at court, a large escort team of cops with a dog met me to put a stun belt on me in case I acted up. Inside the courtroom, the furniture had been rearranged so that I was far away from any person in the courtroom including my lawyer. Adding insult to injury, he shared a table with the prosecutor. During my "trial" I often found myself wondering if this fast talking attorney would be able to sell the prosecutor a car.

I was told by the judge that if I needed to ask the lawyer anything I should write it down and the deputy would get it to my lawyer for me. Well, the lawyer ignored me, so I tried to respectfully ask the judge questions relevant to the self-defense motions I had filed. He refused to acknowledge me unless my court appointed counsel asked the questions. It was clear this attorney was not here to defend me, so I verbally began to protest. The judge was looking for a excuse to use the stun belt or at least kick me out of the courtroom. I ended up put in a glass booth with a speaker on it so I could hear but not be heard, the whole trial I was chained to a bar stool. The one fun part was when Officer Kendrick was told to identify me. When he pointed my way, our eyes met and I could see he remembered that I had I told him this moment would come. I just smiled, he knew.

Needless to say, I was convicted.

War at the Supermax

Meanwhile at OSP, I was not allowed congregate activities with other prisoners, or any reduction in my security level. I can't say with any certainty what caused the administrators here to have a bias with me but it's documented how I've been required to do a "perfect bid" to have half a chance at lower

security reviews. It was 12 long years—after I had filed many complaints, and prison rights activists Alice and Staughton Lynd inquired about my unfair treatment—before I was considered for lower levels, moving from 5A to 4B, then 4A and receiving congregate rec. Other riot-charged prisoners had been congregate for six or seven years prior.

Finally, my last set of "new cases" came at OSP. I had worked my way through all the bull when it seemed the administrators were out of excuses for holding me back on security reduction. The rule up unto that moment was a prisoner does one year with no RIB convictions (rule violations) on level 4A and you ride out of this prison. I met that standard, but was denied my exit. By now I'd become used to a different standard. I was denied transfer to a "normal" prison like everyone else, including many who were convicted of riot- related charges. I fought this blatant discrimination by filing the appropriate paper work. I set my mind to being patient so they couldn't find justification for denying me next year. One more year of level 4A went by (two years total) I was scheduled to leave again, but the warden denied me the reduction in security level. A one-year denial was unheard of for someone that had remained free of conduct reports, so you can imagine how I was "floored" (knocked down) when I was denied after two years.

By this time there had been some overaggressive guards trying to get my attention by harassing me. Before I could decide what, if anything I could do about the security level reviews, these rogue cops robbed my cell. **Yes robbed.** They not only took all my property but also the receipt of purchase, so I'd be unable to prove the stuff was mine. While trying to litigate being denied security reduction through the proper institutional channels for a second time, knowing this has never happened and what does it mean going forth, I now had to file complaints about all my property being stolen.

I verbally complained to the cops' immediate supervisor.

As a result, the cops really became aggressive with me to the point where they had openly and officially declared war on me, so I made a decision to fight back. I couldn't wait till they put their hands on me to acknowledge a war had been declared. I remembered the promise I made to myself after being stabbed. It was my duty to be sure of my safety even if that meant offensive action.

After all, why should the oppressor decide the rules of war I'm to follow? Surely oppressed folks can't expect to win a war declared on them while being issued the rules to defend themselves, and what weapons are acceptable. Where is the risk to the oppressor? Who benefits from such a system? No! I'm not obligated to unjust laws, systems, rules, nor will I take part in my own oppression. I went on the offensive against a group of cops that brought war to me. I attacked the two cops most responsible for the declaration of war, and once again I was indicted and taken to court. The state as usual failed to police itself, so the cops weren't charged.

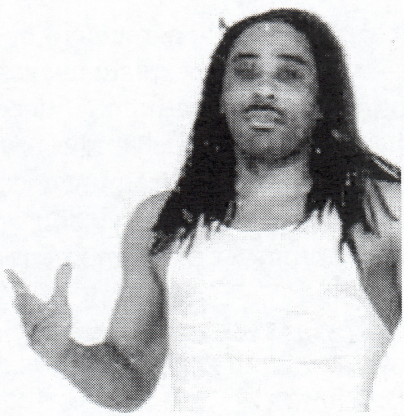
Imagine Drowning.

My intent herein isn't to find agreement or make excuses for violent behavior; instead, it is to explain my response to oppressive conditions and unfair treatment. Indeed, repression breeds resistance. Therefore, I urge each and every one of you to imagine yourself drowning... All your training goes out the window, but your survival instincts emerge. You were taught to not flail about when drowning, yet at the moment of drowning, you do flail.

Was I not to flail? Was I supposed to accept death by

suffocation in the sweat box? Was I to ignore being treated differently; if so. for how long? How long would you wait before you say or do something about someone at your job being paid much more than you, while you both are doing the same work? How long could you wait before saying something about your rent being higher than your neighbor? When someone takes or steals from you, do you have a right to justice? What if the thieves are also the people in charge of justice? It's amazing to me I've not killed someone for my freedom or for my just due, maybe even it's a shame.

As I seek financial help to secure a lawyer, I will have to navigate all the charges, and I'm confident I can. In fact, upon review of my cases, one law school has even acknowledged this, but decided- because of its limited resources, that I need to do some of the time so I could eliminate some cases in order for them to focus on the rest. REALLY! Some have even said that "if not for those riot cases, you would have never been in those lockdown situations and your original case would have expired." My story is a perfect argument for amnesty. Not to mention, there are very good and worthy issues in each case. While the competent lawyer has work to do, they have good tools to work with. It's been over 20 years since the uprising, so let's get started on getting us free.



APPENDIX: Trial Transcripts.

In these excerpts from Greg Curry's trial transcripts, you can see Judge William Stapleton and Special Prosecutor Daniel Hogan assure the jury that any deals made with witnesses will be fully divulged. One witness, Lou Jones repeatedly denies making any deals with anyone. In his closing argument, Prosecutor Hogan tells the jury that it is illegal for him to conceal deals with witnesses from the defense attorneys. Then... in an appeal brief, Prosecutor Hogan describes the deal given to Lou Jones, and concealed from defense attorneys and the jury.

I'm not a lawyer, but it sure looks like Hogan probably shouldn't have been allowed to be one either. Now he's a judge.

Judge Daniel Hogan
Office address:
345 S. High St., 7th Floor
Columbus, Oh 43215
Phone: 614-525-3770

Jim Canepa
Now assistant director of the Ohio EPA.
Office address:
50 W Town St,
Columbus, OH 43215
(614) 644-3020
james.canepa@epa.ohio.gov

Case No. 94-CR279
Scioto County Common Please, OHIO
Judge William Stapleton (visiting)
JAN 23rd-28th, 1995

FULL TEXT AVAILABLE

Page 70-71 Judge Stapleton,:

In addition, too, you ask the question, whether - in they are witness for the State of Ohio, whether they made any type of arrangement... That will be fully divulged to all of the jurors in this courtroom, and those are the only - those witnesses, that will be standard questioning in this courtroom.

Page 812, Prosecutor Hogan direct examination of witness Lou Jones. (Only state witness not yet impeached)

Q. before you gave that statement, did anybody in that room threaten you?
A. No sir.
Q. Did anybody give you any oral promises?
A. No, sir.
Q. Were there any written promises given to you at that time?
A. No, sir.
Q. Were you aware that you could be indicted for aggravated murder?
A. Yes, sir.

Page 814, Lou Jones, continued:

Q. [Any deals] that you have, as well as your attorney may have, from the State of Ohio?
A. No, sir.
Q. With either Jim Canepa or myself?
A. No, sir.
Q. Any other prosecutor?
A. No, sir.
Q. Troopers?
A. No.

Page 815, Lou Jones, continued:

Q. At the third interview, were you threatened at all?

A. No, sir.

Q. Were any promises made?

A. No, sir.

Q. Since then have you been - are you still remaining at Lorain?

A. Yes, sir.

Page 822, Defense Attorney Tracy Hoover, cross-examination of Lou Jones:

Q. You still want to tell all these people that you haven't made any type of deal with the government?

A. I can't hear you.

Q. I said, do you still want to tell these people that you haven't made any type of deal with the government?

A. I haven't made no deal with nobody.

Page 1227, Closing arguments by prosecutor Hogan, speaking about Lou Jones:

He didn't ask for a lawyer. He didn't ask for any deals. He got it off his chest. And you heard the story.

Was it consistent? Was it thorough? Was it accurate? Was it meaningful? Or was it just a bunch of acting?

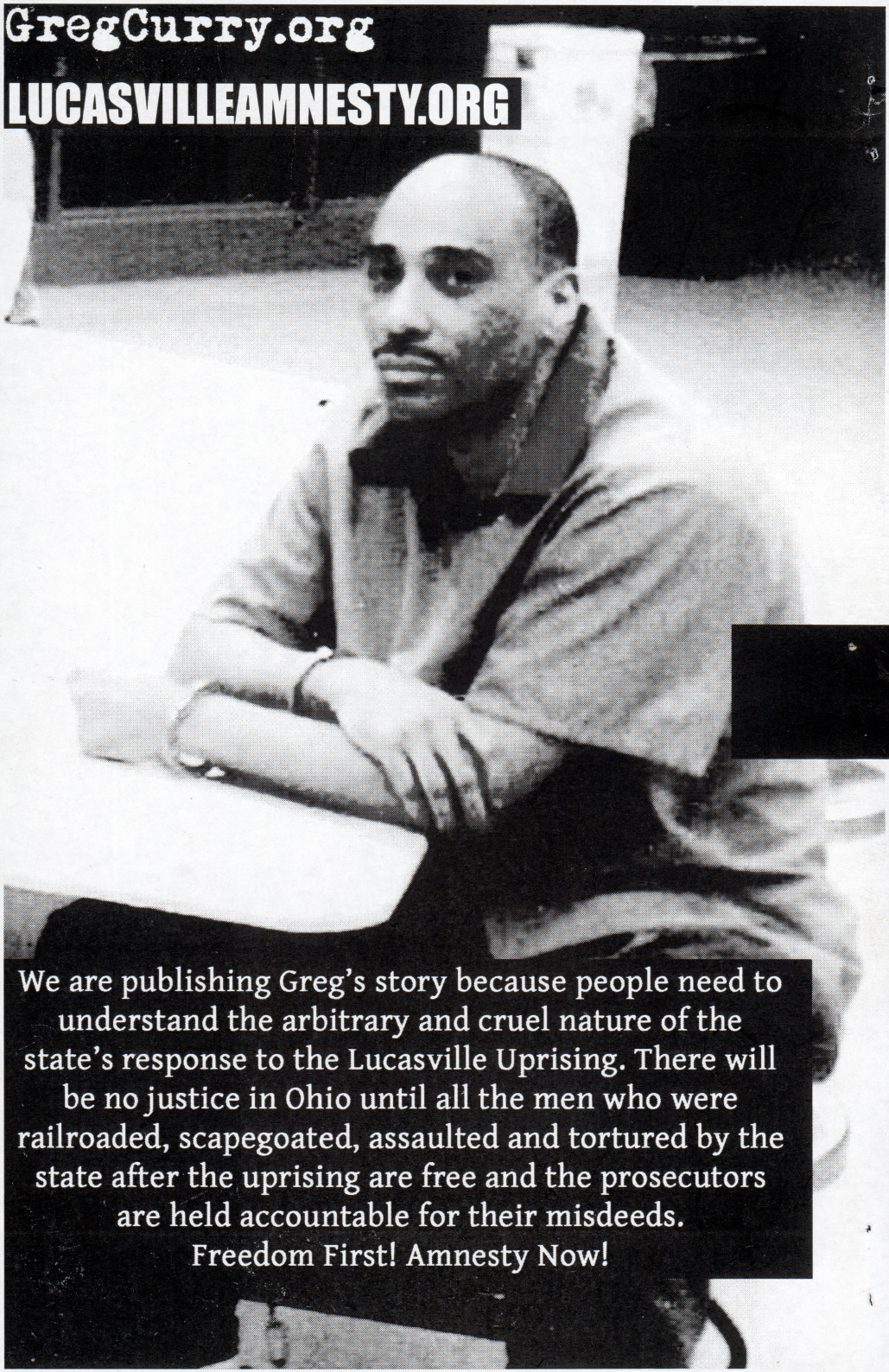
Ladies and gentlemen, he was totally affected by that, and in the second interview, he gave the named to the police. No deals. If there were any deals with Mr. Jones, written or orally, we, by law, have to give it to Mr. Hoover, so there are no deals.

Court of appeals, 4th Judicial District, case no 95 CA 2339.

Page 3, Prosecutors Hogan and Canepa, appeal brief:

As a result of risk and fear of reprisals, from both charged inmates and their friends and

unhindered inmate to inmate access and harm, the State established safety measures for inmates at risk from harm. Further, Appellant's co-conspirator, inmate Jones was not charged as a result of his coming forward, cooperating, and testifying regarding the formation, plan and conduct of the L-6 "death squad".


GregCurry.org
LUCASVILLEAMNESTY.ORG
We are publishing Greg's story because people need to understand the arbitrary and cruel nature of the state's response to the Lucasville Uprising. There will be no justice in Ohio until all the men who were railroaded, scapegoated, assaulted and tortured by the state after the uprising are free and the prosecutors are held accountable for their misdeeds.
Freedom First! Amnesty Now!